

A Cicada COVID Poem

I feel like a cicada
Who had to wait a
Long time under the ground.

For seventeen years
The only thing that he hears
Is his own sap-sucking sound.

'Til a warm day in May
Brings him back to the fray,
And up, upwards he's bound.

With the vaccine our new friend,
We too see an end
Of our endless COVID lockdown.

So let's spread our wings
With the cicada who sings
And fly to this new life we've found.